

M. P. HECKERMAN,
Who Started the Old Home Week
Ball Rolling and Kept it Going.

FATHER KILLS SON

Second Child of Emericks to Meet Accidental Death.

Sylvester Emerick, Pennsylvania railroad engineer residing at Ellerslie, while hunting groundhogs on the mountain opposite Ellerslie, accidentally shot and killed his 14-year-old son, Sherwood. The father had stationed the boy to watch a hole into which he thought the groundhog would go, and while he was away the boy got in front of the hole. Mr. Emerick observed the reeds shaking near the hole and saw his son's brown cap, which he mistook for a groundhog; taking quick aim he fired and upon going up was horrified to find that he had shot his son in the head. Mr. Emerick picked the little body up and carried down the mountain towards home, but the boy died while yet within three-quarters of a mile from home. Sherwood was a bright little fellow, and besides his parents leaves a brother and several sisters. This is the second accident of this kind in the family. A little daughter of the Emericks was killed by the careless handling of a gun some time ago. Mr. Emerick is overcome with grief.

FATAL AUTO ACCIDENT

Machine Goes Over Embankment—Boy Killed.

A fatal automobile accident occurred near Hopewell Saturday afternoon which resulted in the death of one person and the injury of several others. David Ritchey, proprietor of the Mountain House at Langdonale and who operates a sawmill near that place, left the hotel in his automobile to visit the mill. He was accompanied by his two sons, aged nine and seven years, Mrs. Loraine H. Johnson of Connellsville, and Etta, the little daughter of R. W. Barnett of Hopewell. When about a mile from Langdonale he decided to return home and in making a turn in the road, through some lost motion in gearing he lost control of the machine and it went over an embankment. It upset, killing the oldest boy and seriously injured the other one. Ritchey sustained lacerations of the face and body bruises. Mrs. Johnson and Miss Barnett, seeing that control of the automobile had been lost by the driver, jumped out and escaped injury.

SOUVENIR ALBUM

We have in course of preparation an Old Home Week souvenir album which will be profusely illustrated with views of Bedford and Bedford Springs, cuts of Old Court House, Washington's Headquarters, King's House, Fort Bedford, present Public Buildings, Arches, Prominent Men, and of the Parades.

It will contain a full account of Old Home Week, giving programs, lines of marches, list of officers and committees, list of contributors and all essential matter pertaining to the celebration.

The book will be 9x12 inches, printed on glazed half-tone paper, and will be ready for mailing within 10 days after Old Home Week. Price 50 cents. Leave your order.

REUNION OF CLASSIS

Interesting Session Held at Everett Last Thursday.

The third annual Reformed reunion of Juniata Classis was held in Williams' Grove at Everett last Thursday and was a success. The weather was threatening in the early part of the day which deterred some from going, and the reunion came in the heart of the harvest season or the crowd would have been much larger than it was. As it was the Reformed hosts and their friends were represented in goodly number. The trains from the north and south brought large delegations which were in turn met at the station by the Everett Cornet band which was engaged for the day. The ladies of Trinity Reformed church of Everett served luncheon and refreshments on the grounds. After dinner services were held when a number of addresses were delivered. The stand erected for the occasion was beautifully decorated with the Reformed colors. The Committee of Arrangements, of which Rev. E. S. LeMar was chairman, deserve much credit for the work done, especially at the Everett end.

Rev. Charles F. Althouse was master of ceremonies and gracefully introduced the speakers, opening the services with an invocation. Rev. A. F. Nace of Juniata delivered an address of welcome. Rev. I. N. Peightel of Greencastle, formerly of this country, who is a general favorite, was introduced and delighted the audience with his eloquence, as he spoke on what should form our proper ideals. Mrs. D. B. Schneider, a returned missionary from Japan, next gave a very interesting account of the work among the people of the "Sunrise Kingdom" and made a very earnest plea for a hearty response to the great needs of the unchristianized nations. Capt. T. K. Little of Saxton, who had just arrived from his trip to Europe and the Holy Land, was called on and gave enjoyable reminiscences of his trip. Rev. Dr. C. J. Musser of Philadelphia also responded to a call for an address, in his usual forceful and happy manner.

Among those present may be mentioned the following: Prof. J. E. Buchheit of Franklin and Marshall College, Revs. W. H. Miller, J. B. Shootz, D. G. Hetrick, B. E. Baumann, A. F. Nace, J. S. Heffner, Howard Obold, E. S. LeMar, A. T. G. Apple, Walter E. Krebs, D. D. C. J. Musser, D. D., C. Gumbert, J. W. Zehring, J. D. Hunsicker, C. F. Altouse, C. W. Summey, Charles E. Rupp, Josiah May, I. N. Peightel and D. E. Master.

Explosion at Riddlesburg

Yesterday morning about 11:45, Arthur McAllister and John Hale, the latter residing at Hopewell, were blasting cinder with dynamite at the Riddlesburg furnace and in tamping the blast was prematurely exploded. McAllister had one eye knocked out and the other one injured. He was burned in the face and bruised all over by the flying cinder, and his condition is serious. He was taken to a Philadelphia hospital yesterday afternoon. Young Hale was bruised by the explosion but not seriously.—Saxton Herald, July 31.

Miss Susan Shaffer

Miss Susanna B. Shaffer died at the home of Cashier E. S. Doty on July 29, aged 88 years and four months. She was a daughter of Daniel and Catherine Shaffer and was born in Mercersburg on March 29, 1819. For 40 years Miss Shaffer made her home with her sister, Mrs. Ellen J. Cessna, and of late years resided with her niece, Mrs. E. S. Doty, at whose home she passed away after a long and useful life. One brother, Washington Shaffer of Galesburg, Ill., and the above named sister survive her.

Funeral services were held at the Doty home at 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. A. T. G. Apple, assisted by Revs. H. B. Townsend and C. J. Musser. Interment in the Bedford cemetery.

Mrs. Mary E. Hixson

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hixson died at the home of R. E. Swartzwelder in East Providence, on July 25, aged 73 years, seven months and two days. She was born December 23, 1823. Mrs. Hixson was a faithful member of the M. E. church for 61 years. She leaves twelve children. Funeral services were held in the McKendree M. E. church on July 27, conducted by Rev. Charles F. Weise. A large crowd was in attendance.

OLD HOME WEEK

AUGUST 4-10, 1907

"BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME"

For Old Home Week we have reprinted from the files of The Gazette two lectures delivered on "BEDFORD IN YE OLDEN TIME" by Dr. Charles N. Hickok more than twenty years ago. It contains 77 pages and will be mailed to any address for 25 cents, or may be purchased at news stands.

PERSONAL NOTES

People Who Move Hither and Thither in This Busy World.

Miss Nellie Boor of Monessen is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Karl Amick of Sunbury was among Bedford's Sunday visitors.

Miss Mona Edmiston of Philadelphia is here for Old Home Week.

Mr. John Acker of Osterburg was a business visitor here last Saturday.

Miss Violet Smith of Osterburg spent Tuesday with Miss Olive Enfield.

Mr. W. D. Boor of Cumberland Valley was among Saturday's visitors here.

Miss Jennie Harry of Harrisburg is here with her aunt, Mrs. J. H. McCulloch.

Mrs. C. W. Smith of New York City is a guest of her brother, Mr. E. F. England.

Mrs. Harry Bock of Clearfield is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Smith.

Mr. George W. Blatchford of Hopewell was a business visitor in town Wednesday.

Miss Mary M. Minich returned yesterday from a month's visit in Wilkinsburg.

Mr. Thomas E. Gilchrist of Cumberland was in town between trains last Saturday.

Mr. Paul Stultz and Miss Dora Hughes of Duncansville, spent Sunday at this place.

Mr. Nathan Morse of Clearville made a business trip to the county capital Saturday.

Mr. O. C. Mann of Washington, D. C., a native of this county, spent Saturday in Bedford.

Mrs. Samuel Shaffer, who has been ill with appendicitis for several weeks, is able to be down stairs.

The Odd Fellows of Allegany County, Md., and of Huntingdon will participate in Wednesday's exercises.

The Bedford baseball nine was defeated at Anderson Park last Friday by an Altoona nine by the score of 3 to 2.

A merry crowd of young folks from Everett spent last Friday evening at the Springs, making the trip in a hay wagon.

Mrs. Dr. A. S. Smith entertained a number of friends at cards at her pleasant home on Juliana street Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Filler of Warren was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. John Lutz at her home here last Saturday afternoon.

Warren A. Snyder and family have moved into the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Charlotte Over, recently purchased by Dr. A. C. Wolf.

Miss Margaret Shuck desires to extend her most hearty thanks to all who so loyally supported her during the recent election for "Queen of the Carnival."

The Hershberger - Wisegarver-Koontz reunion will be held in Hershberger's Grove at Cessna on Saturday, August 10. A large gathering is expected.

Mrs. W. J. Hartman and children, of Johnstown, are visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cromwell.

Mrs. Marion J. Bower and two children, of New Bloomfield, are visiting Mrs. Bower's sister, Mrs. D. M. Billman.

Mrs. F. W. Groby of New Haven, Conn., is visiting her mother and sister, Mrs. Sarah Mann and Miss Stella Mann.

Misses Alice and Mary Williams, of Schellsburg, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Bollinger, East Penn street.

Misses Ella Holley and Grace Foley, of Parkersburg, W. Va., are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Kilcoin.

Rev. and Mrs. George Leidy, of Milton, will spend next week at the home of Cashier and Mrs. William Hartley.

Prof. and Mrs. Landis Tanger have returned from a visit to home folks at Strasburg. They also took in the Exposition.

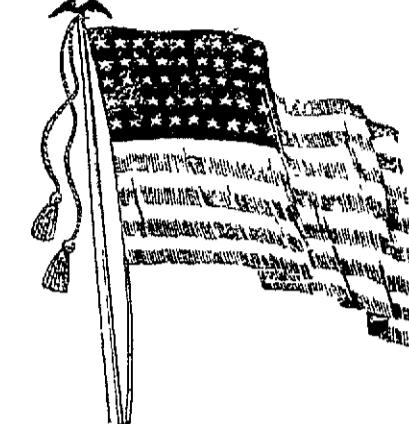
Misses Cora Smouse of Cumberland and Annie Remsberg of Sharpsburg, Md., are guests of Miss Vesta Brightbill.

Miss Marguerite Gilchrist of Philadelphia was a guest of her cousin, Mrs. William Brice, Jr., from Friday to Tuesday.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)



CLAUDE T. RENO, ESQ.
P. O. S. of A. Orator on Lodge Day.



FLING OUT YOUR BANNER!

MENTIONED IN BRIEF

Many Items of Interest From Town and County.

W. H. Suter is operating the steam laundry at Everett.

Mr. Walter F. Moore is ill at her home near the Chalybeate.

Rev. H. C. Pardoe will preach in the M. E. church Sunday morning.

Everett held its annual union picnic in Williams' Grove yesterday.

Thirty-five years ago yesterday the P. R. R. Co. took charge of the Bedford division.

On account of Old Home Week The Gazette will not be issued next week until Saturday.

The new common-battery switchboard which is to be installed by the County Phone has arrived.

Mrs. Samuel Shaffer, who has been ill with appendicitis for several weeks, is able to be down stairs.

The Odd Fellows of Allegany County, Md., and of Huntingdon will participate in Wednesday's exercises.

The Bedford baseball nine was defeated at Anderson Park last Friday by an Altoona nine by the score of 3 to 2.

A merry crowd of young folks from Everett spent last Friday evening at the Springs, making the trip in a hay wagon.

Mrs. Dr. A. S. Smith entertained a number of friends at cards at her pleasant home on Juliana street Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Filler of Warren was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. John Lutz at her home here last Saturday afternoon.

Warren A. Snyder and family have moved into the house formerly occupied by Mrs. Charlotte Over, recently purchased by Dr. A. C. Wolf.

Miss Margaret Shuck desires to extend her most hearty thanks to all who so loyally supported her during the recent election for "Queen of the Carnival."

The Hershberger - Wisegarver-Koontz reunion will be held in Hershberger's Grove at Cessna on Saturday, August 10. A large gathering is expected.

Mrs. W. J. Hartman and children, of Johnstown, are visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cromwell.

Lawrence Wigfield and Virginia May Smith, of Inglesmith, and Calvin C. Perdew of Pratt, Md., and Bessie May Clingerman of Silver Mills were married in Cumberland last week.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in St. John's Reformed church, Bedford, next Sunday Preparatory service Friday evening at 7:30; Sunday morning services begin at 11 o'clock, opening prelude at 10:45. A cordial invitation to all.

At a session of court yesterday D. C. Relley, Esq., Bedford, and Dr. A. M. Miller and M. H. Kramer of Hyndman were appointed a commission to inquire into the sanity of George C. Close of Londonderry township. They performed their duty last night and will report at court today.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

ANNALS OF BEDFORD COUNTY

Is the title of a book of about 90 pages prepared by Hon. William P. Schell for Bedford's Old Home Week. It is a comprehensive and authentic history of the county. It will be ready for mailing by Saturday or may be purchased at news stands. Single copy 50 cents, in advance, if ordered mailed.

Thermopylae

By MARTHA
MCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"I come here to play I am a dryad," Elspeth said, smiling wickedly at Hindon as he toiled after her up the steep and narrow steps that led to a raised platform, weather beaten, but still sound and weight worthy, set in the lower branches of a giant oak. Hindon thought the climbing a crazy performance, but love which makes the fool often a wise man makes the wise man often a fool. And he did not deny to himself he was in love and with the bit of quicksilver he was so painfully following.

"Hm! I seem to remember that dryads were not always all they should be," he said, sitting down so ponderously the branches quivered. Elspeth laughed softly. "You are to have a reward for coming up with me. I adore stories. You may tell me one instead of writing it—the very best story of them all!"

"Impossible!" Hindon said gravely. "Don't you know there are, but seven stories in the world, and six of 'em unfit for ladies? That leaves only one. I had much rather live it than tell it."

"No! You must tell it," Elspeth said decisively. "Begin! This is much better fun than private theatricals!"

"I tell you I can't begin. The story has to begin itself," Hindon interrupted. Again Elspeth laughed. "At least you can say how it begins," she murmured. Hindon smothered a growl. "I can tell you what it takes to make a sory," he said. "First, of course, there's a girl!"

"That's me," Elspeth interjected. Hindon nodded. "And a man in love with her!"

"That fits you," Elspeth said incisively. Hindon flushed in spite of himself and bit his lip, but somehow kept his voice gay as he ran on: "And an obstacle—any sort, some sort. The obstacle, you know, is what really makes the story."

"Dear me! What a pity!" Elspeth said. "Yet I quite understand. But for the obstacle the sweethearts would have to marry right at the start and live happy ever after. I think—yes, I'm sure—the obstacle is looming up. See Jack Delany is getting down at the steps!"

"A plague on him, on all Delanys everywhere," Hindon began. Elspeth shook her head at him, saying: "How ungrateful. You said there had to be an obstacle. Could you ask a more proper one than Jack?"

"No! That's just the trouble," Hindon admitted. "You might easily fall in love with Jack—if I were not in his way."

"I believe he has cast you for the obstacle role," Elspeth said demurely, yet with dancing eyes. "You don't play fair—not in the least," she went on. "I asked you for a story—and here I'm making up one for you!"

"You've reduced it to its lowest terms—anyway I don't like it," Hindon broke in, his chin in the air, the light of battle in his eye. He saw Jack Delany sauntering toward the oak, his hat in one hand, the other swinging his ivory mounted crop. Jack was a youth of parts—rich, well bred and disgustingly good to look at. Moreover, he was new. Until a month back Elspeth had never seen him. Hindon had discovered the real Elspeth at about the same distance of time—when he had come down to World's End for silence and a measure of solitude. After years of struggle his latest book had hit the public hard. He wanted its successor to go above and beyond it. Then, just when the opening of it was fairly in mind, he had dined at the dean house and fallen under Elspeth's spell.

There had been a week of rebellion, then submission to the inevitable. He had had a conceit of knowing womaning, also the verb to love, in all its moods and tenses. Elspeth had shown him how greatly he was mistaken. Hindon had a way with him that most women had found irresistible. After a surfet of sweets one relishes a wholesome bitter. Elspeth's artless joy over his subjugation had not misled him into thinking she was to be had for the asking. He had two minds about her—one curiously aloof, wholly detached, even noting the effect of unlikely conquest upon a nature girlishly vain and human and marshaling its impressions as for future reference; another, palpably masculine and possessive, alert to win and keep her against all comers.

Now the virile impulse dominated him. As Jack came within hall Hindon swung himself to the head of the steps, clutched a hand upon the rails at either side and half shouted: "Jack, I'm a life saver. You can't come up!"

"Can't—eh! Why not?" Jack demanded, moving forward.

"Oh, because you're quite too good looking and much too vain—so vain this cranky structure would never bear the weight of it," Hindon flung back at him, settling himself more firmly in his seat.

Jack laughed heartily. "I'm coming! Look out!" he admonished, making a dash for the star foot. As he touched it Hindon looked down, with twinkling eyes, to say: "Remember Thermopylae! Behold me, a new Leonidas, holding the pass!"

"Hang Thermopylae—and all those other silly games," Jack said, with frank scorn. "I tell you, there's no scaring a fellow that's been through that football!"

"So I perceive," Hindon said, his twinkle broadening. He turned half about to glance at Elspeth. She was sitting very straight, her hand clinched hard on the book in her lap, the ghost

A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and failing, or other disfigurement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cure. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening medicine known to medical science. It is made of the glycerine extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for whaling in Norway. A few fathoms of this line are coiled on a plate directly under the gun, the remainder being below decks clear to run. There are two of these lines, each 1,800 feet in length, and sometimes they are none too long for the purpose.—Metropolitan Magazine.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy or known composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

of a dimple flickering in one cheek. The estate in life wherein just now she found herself was clearly not displeasing to her. Cautiously she peeped over the edge of the platform and said to Jack, halting below it: "I wish you would come up, Mr. Delany. We—we are making up a story. Mr. Hindon is going to write it, and you can't imagine how fascinating it is."

"If I can't imagine it, I can find out," Jack said energetically, stepping back five paces to survey the big oak's spread of branches. The branches were broad, and some of them pendulous. Upon the farther side one swaying tip came within six feet of the ground. With a short, running leap Jack caught the tip, felt it slip almost away from him, but managed to keep hold, draw it down and clutch it hand over hand until he came to a place that was stout enough to swing upon. Back and forth, back and forth, he clung and swung, until at last he caught foothold in toward the trunk. Inside three minutes he was sitting upon a branch level with the platform, and but a little way from it, saying, as he lit a cigarette: "Is this a detective story? You can put me in it as a porch climber My Father."—Scrap Book.

Easing the Strain.
"I should think," she said, "that golfing would make you awfully tired." "No, I stand it first rate. You see, I never keep my score at all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Free, for Catarrh, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

The bites and stings of insects, tanburn, cuts, burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pineosal Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25c. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

Hay Fever and Summer Colds.

Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is in a yellow package. Ed. D. Heckerman.

If you suffer from bloating, belching, sour stomach, Indigestion or Dyspepsia, take a Rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

What a New Jersey Editor Says.

M. T. Lynch, Editor of the Phillipsburg, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

Missed Vocation.

Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?

Lawyer—Why? Client—By the way you charge there would be little left on the enemy.—London Tit-Bits.

Rash presumption is a ladder which will break the mounter's neck.—German Proverb.

Dead Cities.

"What became of Nineveh?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

It was destroyed," said Johnny promptly.

"And what became of Tyre?"

"Punctured."—Cleveland Leader.

Misunderstandings and minding other people's business cause most of the trouble in this world.—Manchester Union.

Endurance.

Ethel—How long can a human being live without food?

Jack—I don't know about human beings, but I know poets who have been writing for years.—Judge.

Pineules are for the Kidneys and Bladder. They bring quick relief to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, tired worn out feeling. They produce natural action of the kidneys in filtering waste matter out of the blood. 30 days treatment \$1.00. Money refunded if Pineules are not satisfactory. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

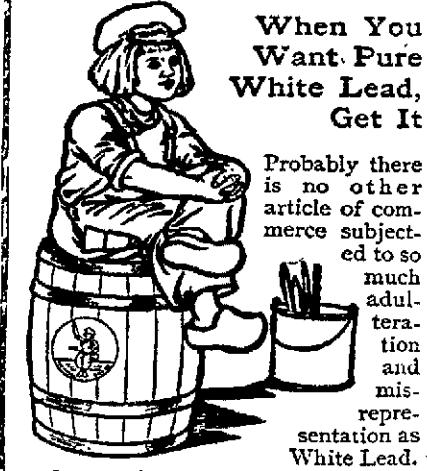
How Whales Are Killed.

The feature attracting the casual observer is the vessel's harpoon gun, situated forward of everything, from which the formidable harpoon is fired into the whale. The gun looks like a small cannon, and about a pound of powder is used to discharge the harpoon, which is rammed home in the same manner as a shot would be and fired from the outside end with a small cord, this breaking, of course, when the gun is fired. The harpoon is a very heavy missile, weighing several hundred pounds, which necessitates its being fired only at pretty close range. The lance head pierces the whale and soon afterward explodes a bomb contained in it, while still farther back on the shaft are barbs, which expand on entering the whale, making it next to impossible for the harpoon to be drawn out again. Each harpoon after being fired has to be straightened by a blacksmith in order to again fit the gun barrel. A stout hemp rope four inches in circumference is attached to the harpoon about eighteen inches from the point. This line is of great flexibility and strength and is manufactured solely for whaling in Norway. A few fathoms of this line are coiled on a plate directly under the gun, the remainder being below decks clear to run. There are two of these lines, each 1,800 feet in length, and sometimes they are none too long for the purpose.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Probably there is no other article of commerce subject to so much adulteration and misrepresentation as White Lead.

Out of 18 brands of "White Lead" recently analyzed by the Government Agricultural Experiment Station of North Dakota, 5 contained absolutely no White Lead, 5 less than 15% of White Lead, and only 3 over 90% of White Lead.

There is, however, a way to be certain of the purity and genuineness of the White Lead you buy, and that is to insist upon



sentation as White Lead.

Out of 18 brands of "White Lead" recently analyzed by the Government Agricultural Experiment Station of North Dakota, 5 contained absolutely no White Lead, 5 less than 15% of White Lead, and only 3 over 90% of White Lead.

There is, however, a way to be certain of the purity and genuineness of the White Lead you buy, and that is to insist upon

Sterling

Pure White Lead

bearing the Dutch Boy trade mark. This trade mark is positive guarantee of absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"Give on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., Second National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For sale by all dealers.

Manners Outside the Navy.

The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel is decidedly meager. When the president of the United States visits one of our men-of-war he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarterdeck, the national flag displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. This ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On his return at the week's end he called the boys to him.

"Well, George, how have you succeeded?" he asked the first.

"George proudly took \$2 from his pocket.

"I have doubled my money, father," he said.

"Excellent," cried the father. "And you, John, have you done better still?"

"No, sir," said John, sadly. "I have lost all mine."

"Wretched boy," the father exclaimed. "How did you lose it?"

"I matched George," faltered the lad.—Exchange.

Fond of Crab.

A jolly old boy from the Midlands entered into one of the hotels at the seaside and, seeing on the slab on the right a crab dressed on the shell with legs, claws and parsley ranged round, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. This ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On one occasion a president visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarterdeck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you?" was the reply.

"That's the president of the United States."

"Well, ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarterdeck, if he is?"

"Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life!"—On a Man-of-War.

How to Follow Forest Trails.

The trail has a code of signs, as well as a book of laws," says Hamlin Garland in "The Long Trail." A twig designedly broken is like a finger pointing toward a gate. A 'blaze' corresponds to the beckoning hand. A new blaze renders an old one of no value. A sapling cut and bent across a path locks it and warningly says, "Go no farther this way." A stick set upright in the mud means 'no bottom here.'

By use of these and many other records of the same sort, the trailer profits by the experience of those who have gone before him and aids those who are to follow. There is always news on the trail for those who have eyes to perceive it, and it is the duty of him who rides ahead to enlighten those who are to follow. The Klikitat by means of signs almost invisible can cheer, direct and definitely warn his tribesman. These signs on the trail are respected. No one thinks of removing them except for cause."

Here rests a woman, good without pretense; Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;

No conquest she, but o'er herself desired;

No arts essayed, but not to be admired.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,

Convinced that virtue only is our own;

So unaffected, so composed a mind,

So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined,

Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried.

The saint remained it, but the woman died.

An Epitaph of Pope's.

The following epitaph written by Pope was highly commended by Johnson. It was written to keep alive the memory of Elizabeth Corbett, who sleeps now in St. Margaret's, Westminster:

Here rests a woman, good without pretense;

Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;

No conquest she, but o'er herself desired;

No arts essayed, but not to be admired.

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,

Convinced that virtue only is our own;

So unaffected, so composed a mind,

Winifred's Best Years.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Winifred Lane and Josiah Dent had been lovers since their A B C days. For seventeen years now she had worn the ring he had sold his first colt to buy. Together they had "stood up" for her brother Dick and Eliza at Dick's first wedding, while all the assembled company commented upon them and looked forward to another wedding.

Her father's failing health had brought the first postponement. Then Dick came home a widower and his delicate baby became "Aunt Winnie" charge. Dick's second marriage had brought a gleam of hope. But Julia Rebecca declined to live on the farm, and Dick bought a place in another town, leaving to his sister the care of her mother and the farm. Six years later Mother Lane and Julia Rebecca had both died in the same week, and Dick, cheerfully consigning his orphan brood to his sister's care, had taken an extended trip west.

Through it all Josiah had waited patiently, declaring always when Winifred offered him his release that there was but one woman in the world for him, and Winifred had settled down to cheerful performance of daily duty, brightened by the "some day" that would yet be hers.

The patiently awaited day seemed near at hand on this dull November afternoon. Richard Lane had unexpectedly appeared at his sister's home accompanied by his third wife, and without any unnecessary delay had taken his children to the western town in which he was located.

Miss Lane stood on the front veranda and watched the loaded wagon drive away. "Dick hasn't had any kind of luck with wives so far, but I've a notion this will last," she said aloud as she went slowly indoors.

How still it was! The children's voices seemed to echo through the empty rooms. Winifred's eyes filled with scalding tears.

"Yes," she said in a tone which held both regret and relief, "they're gone for good, and I suppose I'm free at last. Of course he'll hear," she continued presently. "Maybe he'll be over to-night. I'd better tidy up."

Miss Lane lit the parlor lamp and, after a little hesitation, pinned on her best lace collar. "It'll do no harm even if nobody comes," she argued to herself.

But the clock struck 8 and 9, and no one came. "He hasn't heard yet," she assured herself as she went to bed.

The vigil was repeated the next evening and the next. Winifred became perplexed.

"When Dick married his second, Josiah was here before tea time," she reflected. "But I won't begin to worry until Sunday," she sensibly determined. "Josiah'll be at church, and he'll hear about Dick."

Sunday was ushered in with a drizzling rain, but in the afternoon the sun shone bravely. Miss Lane went to evening service attired in the neat gray dress and bonnet which had been purchased for her brother's second wedding, twelve years ago. Feeling lonely, she gladly accepted an invitation from the minister's wife to a seat in the front pew. She could not see Josiah, but she felt his presence two pews behind, and his deep voice in the hymns sent thrills of pride to her loving heart.

With pardonable coquetry, she lingered a little going out. A casual glance through the open door assured her that he was waiting in the entry as of old. She had nearly reached him. In another minute she would have slipped her hand within his arm with the fond assurance of ownership when a blond head, surrounded by a bright red turban, came between them, and Josiah went down the steps with pretty Nettie Scarles clinging to his arm.

Miss Lane walked home through the starlight alone. Lighting the lamp, she went directly to a mirror and gazed long and thoughtfully at the reflection within, comparing it with the girlish prettiness of the face beneath the red turban. The glass refused to flatter. The angular form, the care-worn brow and hollow cheeks, the lines about the patient mouth, all spoke of burdens borne and labor accomplished.

"It isn't to be wondered at," Winifred said, with a sigh, as she stirred the low fire and settled down to retrospection and consideration.

"My best years have gone and I've got dull and uninteresting in all this time."

Her first thought was one of renunciation. The freedom she had freely given in years gone by she would freely give now. But she thought of the future and hesitated. Not on her own behalf—she had been put entirely out of the question from the first. But as she remembered tales of Mrs. Scarles' housekeeping and the flippant remarks she had heard from Nettie's lips she felt suddenly impelled to warfare on Josiah's behalf.

"Red cheeks and dimples can't insure a comfortable home," Miss Lane decided sagely. "If it was any nice girl that's been well brought up I wouldn't hesitate a minute. But all Bloomville knows that Nettie's reputation for dressing and flirting far outdoes her skill in housekeeping. I've no right to shrink from trying to save Josiah from a miserable home. His one hope is in my holdin' him fast to our engagement, and, talk or no talk, I'm going to do it."

"I'll spend the winter with Cousin

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling—it grows more rapidly, and dandruff disappears.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's
Formulas with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it,
then do as he says

The little book in each package gives the formula of our new Hair Vigor, tells why each ingredient is used, and explains many other interesting things. After reading you will know why this new preparation does its work so well.

—made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Emma," she decided. "There ain't a soul in Bloomville knows her address. Dick says she don't look within a dozen years as old as I do, and she's a year older. She always was real tasty. Maybe I can pick up a few hints from her. Looks and dresses and general up-to-dateness makes lots of difference to a man."

All the next day she toiled steadily setting her house in order. And Tuesday morning while waiting for the expressman she penned a note to her recent lover:

Dearest Josiah—I write to inform you that I am well and expect to spend this winter in the city. I leave today, so I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you before I go. But you will be constantly in my thoughts, and your ring, as always, will be my reminder of our engagement. Yours until death. —WINIFRED.

"It will show him that I'm holdin' him fast," meditated Miss Lane as the train sped cityward. "And as I didn't give any address, he won't know where to write. He isn't one to go very far with that Scarles girl until he breaks with me. And he can't break with me until he finds out where to send a letter."

Bloomville was golden with dandelions and white with apple blossoms when Winifred Lane came home to her own. "Not a soul knows I've come," she reflected as she unpacked the new trunk. She sighed suddenly. "Well, by tomorrow I shall know. He's had the winter to consider in, and if he's still set upon it I'll give him up."

Josiah came up the church steps with a look of discontent upon his comely face. In the months that had passed since Winifred's disappearance he had nursed a growing sense of injury.

"Tain't fair," he complained, "keepin' a fellow on the fence so. Her best years have been spent for Dick anyhow, and a woman ages faster'n a man. If she'd given me her address I'd have settled it months ago."

Josiah went up the aisle to his own pew. Above the high back of the minister's pew there arose a white sailor hat, swathed with an airy muslin scarf. Beneath it soft waves of curling hair rippled across a brow from which all traces of care had been resolutely smoothed away.

Josiah, watching with some curiosity until she turned her head slightly, caught the clear profile and noted the soft color in her cheek. It was Winifred! All at once there dawned upon him the truth that immortal youth is not at the mercy of added years and that better than the passing beauty of girlhood is that womanliness which shall outlast the ages.

"I'm glad I didn't know where to write," thought Josiah, with a sense of narrow escape and a growing feeling of anxiety.

Winifred was unaware of his presence until she heard his voice in the closing hymn. As the last notes ceased she turned to him, smiling straight up into his anxious face.

"Well, Josiah," she said.

And Josiah wondered why he had not known before that raise whether it be the unbecoming gray of past years or the crisp musing that seemed to give back to him the love of his early years, was not worthy of a passing thought. It was the old Winifred who smiled up at him out of those clear eyes. Nettie Scarles and the throat about them were alike forgotten. He only thought of the woman before him—the only woman in the world for him—and all Bloomville had its answer to a long winter of speculation and comment as he stepped to kiss her in the crowded church. Winifred Lane's best years were yet to come.

I will mail you free, to prove merit, samples of my Dr Shoop's Restorative. It brings lasting relief in Stomach, Kidney and Heart troubles, through the inside nerves. No matter how the nerves become impaired this remedy will rebuild their strength, a remedy that cures through the inside nerves. Write me today for sample. Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolicated Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by Ed. D. Heckerman.

Pessimism and good dinner cannot both be in one man.—Exchange.

Goldsmith's Generosity.

A beggar once asked alms of Oliver Goldsmith as he walked with a friend up Fleet street, and he gave her a shilling. His companion, knowing something of the woman, censured the writer for his excess of humanity, saying that the shilling was misapplied, as she would spend it for liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way, my end is answered," replied Goldsmith.

Another proof that the doctor's generosity was not always regulated by discretion was at a time when, after much delay, a day was fixed to pay the £4 due his tailor. Goldsmith procured the money, but a friend calling upon him and relating a piteous tale of his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent author gave him all the money. The tailor called and was told that if he had come a little sooner he could have had the money, but that he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I would have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved trouble when in my power."

Heart Protectors.

Many persons are puzzled to know why policemen wear their badges so low on their coats instead of on the flap made for that purpose. As a matter of fact the badge or star, as he calls it, of many a policeman is right next to his heart. Some of the blue-coats can thank their "stars" for being alive. This little metal shield has defended the bullet of burglar or highwayman, and at times, too, has stopped the knife thrust of would-be assassins. During the last twenty or thirty years there are many cases on record showing that the little badge has been a life saver. Even bullets fired at close range, as a rule, cannot penetrate the shield. That's why a bluecoat always feels safer in keeping the star at a vital spot. When off duty some policemen wear their stars on their vests, but always directly over the heart. They are so accustomed to the little protector that they feel uneasy without it.—Philadelphia Record.

Scott's Wise Dog.
So veracious a man as Sir Walter Scott had a wise dog, a bull terrier. Said the novelist once: "I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged." Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him and explained the enormity of his offense, after which, to the last moments of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story in whatever tone of voice it was mentioned without getting up and retiring to the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said 'the baker was well paid' or 'the baker was not hurt, after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered and barked and rejoiced.

The Wealthy Angler's Tackle Outfit.
The wealthy angler who wants the best of everything has a special six foot oblong case or trunk for his fishing rods, which, being the best, cost about \$30 each. He has a heavy surf casting rod, a lighter bay casting rod and a set of fly rods for fresh water fishing. His reels, of which he must have various types, cost \$75 each and upward. For his fishing tackle there is a special trunk, in which are the best Irish linen lines, hooks and flies of all descriptions, sinkers, swivels, squids, spoons, spinners, floats, artificial bait, etc. Such fishermen generally carry duplicate tackle and several duplicates of pole tips and such things as may be most likely to break. The total cost of a wealthy angler's tackle outfit ranges from \$250 to \$1,000.—New York Tribune.

Fire and Water.

Water will extinguish a fire because the water forms a coating over the fuel, which keeps it from the air, and the conversion of water into steam draws off the heat from the burning fuel. A little water makes a fire fiercer, while a large quantity of water puts it out. The explanation is that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When, therefore, the fire can decompose the water into its simple elements it serves as fuel to the flame.

A Hard Drinking Boat.

Among the songs of Robert Burns is one upon a whistle used by a Dane who visited England in the reign of Anne of Denmark. This whistle was placed on the table at the beginning of a drinking bout, which was won by whoever was last able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers, says the story, until Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, "after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table."

Clever Girl.

Mother—What's that I hear? Franz actually kissed you at the railway station? And what did you do, pray? Daughter—Well, so as to make everybody think he was a relative and so set them at nought I kissed him too.—Berlin Journal.

Fatal Politeness.

First Tramp—After all, it pays to be polite, partner. Second Tramp—Not always. The other day I was acting deaf and dumb when a man gave me sixpence. I says, "Thank you, sir," and he had me arrested.—London Express.

Not a Spendthrift.

Anxious Mother—I hope you are not thinking of marrying young Clarkson. He spends every cent he earns. Pretty Daughter—Oh, well, he doesn't earn very much.—Chicago News.

Pessimism and good dinner cannot both be in one man.—Exchange.

The Old New England Sabbath.

A description of the old New England Sabbath is calculated to make restless children of the present day and possibly some of their elders thankful they were not born two centuries ago.

The Sabbath began Saturday noon with the going down of the sun. Sunday morning a horn was loudly blown to announce the hour of worship. Service began at 9 o'clock and lasted for eight hours, with an intermission of one hour for dinner and conversation. In the earliest days the congregation sat on rude benches, their seats being assigned them at town meeting. The service consisted of several parts, which are chronicled in an ancient diary as follows:

"Preliminary prayer or invocation; chapter of Bible read and expounded; psalm in meter, read out line by line by Deacon S., long prayer on various matters, one hour and a half; sermon of 100 to 250 pages; at close of service, baptism, simmers put on trial, confessed before congregation. Minister C. bowed right and left no person stirring till he had passed down and out of the meeting house."

A Thumb Shave.

"Pouce ou cuiller—thumb or spoon? says the barber, and I give a violent start."

The sailor, a little proud of his French, looked about the room and smiled easily. Then he went on:

"I knew them barbers in the south of France wasn't up to much. I knew their ways was queer. But this spoon or thumb business was the limit."

"Quest ce qu'il y—wot's that?" says L'.

"Wot d'y mean by thumb or spoon?" "And then that Tarascon barber told me that in his country in shavin' lantern jawed men like me it was customary to plumb out the cheeks so's the razor could get a hold by insertin' a spoon or a thumb into the mouth and pressin' from the inside."

"I said to go ahead and shave me without either spoon or thumb. He wouldn't do it, though, so I chose the thumb. It looked more hygienic. By gosh, I can taste that there thumb yet."—Los Angeles Times.

Caught the Policemen.

All the countryside is laughing at an experience of the police at Lough Neagh, Ireland. An intercounty cock-fight was arranged between birds from Londonderry and Antrim and was held on one of the islands in the lough. The police got wind of it and arrived, as they usually do, late. All the available boats had been pressed into use by the spectators, and the police, after trying vainly to secure transportation to the island, determined to swim for it. Just as they arrived the bout ended, and every boat put off for the mainland again. The police had a swim back for their pains, and when they reached the mainland, they found their clothing, over which they had neglected to leave a guard, had disappeared. They had a ten mile march in dripping underclothes to the nearest barracks, where they were put to bed until new uniforms could be procured.—Liverpool Mercury.

Why They Are So Clean.

"How is it that French children are so tidy?" many foreigners in Paris inquire. Because from the time they understand an elementary sentence it is drilled into them that it is very wrong to run fast, to fall or to dirty their dresses in any way, and above all, it is awful to muss their hair. An ordinary scene in the Bois is where two children arrive in their auto accompanied by a nurse and a governess. They (the children) are dressed in light silk dresses and wear long white gloves. They start to play ball. Every time the ball touches the ground, which happens once in awhile, the nurse rushes up and wipes every bit of sand very carefully off the ball before it is handed back to the children. Is it a wonder that their long gloves are clean?—New York Post.

General Utility Nag.

A certain stockbroker once went to a horse-dealer and tried to pick up a general utility nag. He explained that he was a volunteer and wanted a nice, quiet, good looking charger, which could be driven by his wife in a dogcart and would not object on occasion to being hitched up to a lawn mower.

The dealer listened to him with rapt attention and finally asked in dulcet tones, "Would you want him to wait at table at all, sir?"—Grand Magazine.

WARNING.

If you have kidney and bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure, you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. Ed. D. Heckerman.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

S. A. VAN ORMER,
Editor and Publisher.

The Bedford Gazette is a model among country newspapers.—New York World.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford county and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$2.00. If paid in advance \$1.50.

All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

Friday Morning, August 2, 1907

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

For State Treasurer
JOHN G. HARMAN,
of Columbia County.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

For Director of Poor
J. T. ANDERSON,
Bedford Township.
For County Surveyor
GEORGE W. BLACKBURN,
New Paris.

THE TIME APPROACHING

The time for the opening exercises of Old Home Week is near at hand and the event promises to be the biggest in the history of the historic town. That extensive preparations have been and are being made there is no doubt but there is yet work to be done.

The cleaning-up that has been done shows a commendable spirit on the part of our citizens but there are spots that might and should be looked after. Let us have a literal "Bedford Beautiful."

While much decorating has been done this work is by no means completed nor will it be finished until the tri-colored emblem of our nationality shall adorn every house and business place in the town. Of course you intend to decorate, but don't put it off till the last minute; get a move on.

Greet your friends heartily. Next week will be no time for the conventional handshake; what is needed is a hearty one; one that will make our friends feel that they are welcome, and it doesn't make any difference if the lines of the arms don't form the conventional angle.

If you have benches and chairs that you can spare let them be made use of during next week by those who become tired from being too long on their feet. Set them out in front of your house or on your lawn, or label them and bring them to the public square.

The Gazette has worked long and untiringly to make Old Home Week a success and shall continue to do so until the closing scene of the big week. In this last issue before the occasion we urge all to lend personal effort to make the week a go. Put your shoulder to the wheel and keep it there during the six days.

PERSONAL NOTES

(Continued From First Page.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ernest, of Galesburg, Kan., are visiting relatives and friends in this county, after an absence of forty years.

Mr. William Shuck of California, a son of the late Daniel Shuck, is paying a visit to his boyhood home after an absence of twenty years.

Mrs. Thomas Egan of Newark, O., and Mrs. Melda Dinan of Zanesville, O., are guests of their brother, Mr. S. J. Mattingly, near town.

Mr. Frank A. Donahoe and two children of Zanesville, O., came to this place yesterday to spend Old Home Week with relatives.

Mr. W. H. Bower, general manager of the Davis Coal and Coke Company at Elkins, W. Va., and Mrs. Bower are at Bedford Springs Hotel.

Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Pardoe and daughter, Miss Grace, of Ashland, will arrive in Bedford tomorrow, guests of Mrs. Annie D. Shuck.

Messrs. John Madden and John Moore, of Wilkinsburg, are spending their vacation at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Arnold.

Miss Viola Heitzell of St. Louis, Mo. is a guest of her cousin, Miss Gertrude Middleton and aunt, Miss Etta Weisel, East Penn street.

Mr. George M. Mann is greeting old

friends and acquaintances. He arrived in Bedford last Friday and will remain for the Old Home Week celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wineman, of Washington, D. C., made a trip to this place in their auto and are guests of Mrs. Wineman's mother, Mrs. Purcell.

Mrs. J. H. Cessna and Mrs. Mary Moigart, of Altoona, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Diehl, where they will be during Old Home Week.

Mrs. H. F. Miller of Johnstown and Master Raymond V. Gilchrist of Cumberland will spend Old Home Week at the home of the Misses Lingefelter.

Mrs. W. A. Cartwright and little daughter, of Verona, are spending some time with Mrs. Cartwright's mother, Mrs. Sophia Dibert, South Richard street.

Miss Clara Minich of Philadelphia, daughter of Rev. M. R. Minich, arrived here yesterday to spend Old Home Week with Druggist F. W. Jordan and family.

Mrs. Minich of New Philadelphia, O., is a guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Heckerman. Mr. Frank Minich of Clarksburg, W. Va., is expected today.

Mr. M. P. Heckerman is shaking hands with his many friends, having returned last week from a ten weeks' trip through the south. He is brown as a berry but hale and hearty.

Miss Edna F. Kellinger, a stenographer for the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, will arrive tomorrow to spend her vacation with her mother, Mrs. J. V. Kellinger.

Miss Edith M. Stewart, who has been visiting friends in Tyrone, will return tomorrow, accompanied by Mrs. P. W. Smith and two children, who will spend some time with Mr. John B. Stewart.

MENTIONED IN BRIEF

(Continued From First Page.)

Secretary of the Board of Health S. B. Trees returned home Monday evening from Bedford, where he had been for a week. He was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Trees reports having spent a most enjoyable week and comes back improved in health.—Altoona Tribune.

While wrestling with a team mate at an early hour Tuesday, Catcher Harry Tate of the Connellsville team, which played at Fairmont, W. Va., Tuesday, had an arm broken. His brother, Hugh Tate, of the Marion team, who sustained a broken ankle, will also be out of the game for the remainder of the season.

"DON'T KNOCK"

Member of Baseball Association Gives Wholesome Advice.

At a meeting of the Bedford Baseball Association Monday evening of this week, it was the unanimous opinion that the people of Bedford and the county generally who are interested in this sport should be acquainted with the facts as they are in our possession, especially because it seems to be current gossip that we are making money. Over a year ago about twenty of us banded ourselves together for the purpose of giving the people of Bedford some amusement and, after soliciting aid which was liberally given us, we found that it would be necessary for each of us to subscribe and pay \$1.00 per month, which we have been doing up to the present time, in order to secure success.

In addition to this we have given our time and energy to make it a success and to encourage our boys; but there appears to be that class of people in old Bedford, who were planted in a rut when they were born and when the final call comes they will find themselves still in that position, not even broad-minded enough to "hand out" a word of encouragement, but on the other hand, to use a slang term, are "knockers." They think because they pay the meager sum of twenty-five or fifteen cents they are doing a manly part and their full share towards the success of our team. While we appreciate their efforts along this line, yet they could do a little more by giving us encouragement in the game and not hand us such charity as was demonstrated on last Friday.

It seems that even in a business enterprise about to be established in this town, some of the people are more willing to do their utmost to discourage trade than they are to see the town prosper; and until this condition is overcome, you may rest assured we will remain as many have termed it, a dead town.

It may be of interest also to add that each member of our association pays the same admission fee as do the spectators.

Don't be a "knocker."

Lutheran Church Services

Sunday, August 4, St. Mark's 10 a. m., Holy Communion; Saturday, August 3, 10 a. m., preparatory service.

Sunday, 2:30 p. m., service at Bald Hill.

J. W. Lingle, Pastor.

OLD HOME WEEK

(Continued from First Page.)

Bedford Fire Department and portions of floats and carriages.

Route of Parade

Up Pitt street to Spring street, counter-march to Pitt, up Pitt to Julian, up Julian to Simpson, to Richard street, out Richard to John street, down John street to East street, to Penn, up Penn to monument and disperse.

All Marshals and Aides will wear red, white and blue sashes and white gloves. Parade will form at 10 o'clock sharp, and will move promptly at 10:30.

Lodge Day Parade

Chief Marshal—William Brice, Jr. Aides—F. H. Brightbill, C. R. Grissinger and J. F. Brightbill.

All lodges will be met at the railroad station by marshals and conducted to their several Lodge rooms. Parade will form on East Penn street at 10 a. m. and will move promptly at 10:30, each order comprising a division. Each lodge will appoint its own marshal. Division marshals will be appointed by the Committee.

The route of the parade will be as follows: Form on East Penn street, march to Richard, north on Richard to Pitt, west on Pitt to Davidson, counter-march to Julian, Julian south to Simpson, Simpson to Richard, Richard north to Penn, and from Penn street to the monument and disperse.

Mummers' Parade

Chief Marshal—William Brice, Jr. Aides—First division, James F. Mickel and F. H. Brightbill; second division, C. R. Grissinger; third division, James Corboy, Sr.; fourth division, J. F. Brightbill; fifth division, John R. Jordan and Ross Lysinger.

Will dress at the public school building and form on Julian street at 7:30 p. m. and will move promptly at 8 o'clock.

March south to Simpson, Simpson to Richard, Richard north to Penn, Penn to Julian, Julian to Pitt, west on Pitt to Davidson, counter-march to Anderson, Anderson south to Penn, west on Penn to monument, where the final grand display will be made.

Financial Report

	South.	Stations.	North
a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.
7.30	Lv.	8.05	Ar. 11.05
7.42	Clark	9.01	11.01
7.47	Ridderburg	8.53	10.53
7.56	Hopewell	8.48	10.48
8.01	Cypher	8.39	10.39
8.07	Bralier	8.34	10.34
8.12	Tateville	8.28	10.28
8.13	Everett	8.23	10.23
8.19	Mt. Dallas	8.20	10.20
8.23	Ashmon	8.15	10.15
8.25	Luterville	8.11	10.11
8.29	Hartley	8.09	10.09
8.35	Clifts	8.03	10.03
8.45 Ar.	Bedford Lv.	8.00	Lv. 10.00

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

Time table of train service between Imler and Bedford on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1907, on account of "Old Home Week" at Bedford, Pa., August 4-10, 1907.

BROADBRIM BUDGET

Number One Thousand Five Hundred Seventy-Five

MARK TWAIN HONORED

And Loved by All—Horrible Murder of Priest—United States Income Increased.

New York, July 31.—My newspaper this morning tells how "Mark Twain Goes Home" and it might have added—Providence be thanked he is alive and sound. Looking back over the life of this fortunate scribe, it reads like a fairy tale. He is luckier than Aladdin; every time he trades lamps it is the other fellow who has occasion to regret the barter. A man whose acquaintance I made on Derby Day at the races, met me the other day and said, "Is this Broadbrim?" I replied, "It is." "You sometimes write letters for the newspapers?" I said "Yes." He answered, "I was reading one of your letters a week or two ago and you said you knew Mr. Twain." I replied, "I did, many years ago in the territory of Nevada, as a reporter on the Territorial Enterprise, (then run and owned by Joe Goodman), a clever writer, a fair poet and a jolly good fellow." "But," said my friend, "He seems to have two names, I would like to know which is the right one." "Both," I replied, "Samuel Clemens is his family name, Mark Twain his nom-de-plume, and there are millions of people all over the world to whom the name of Mark Twain is as familiar as the a, b, c's who never heard the name of Samuel Clemens."

"What does Twain mean anyway?" said my friend. "It means two, and is used on shipboard in measuring the depth of water. A man stands on a platform on the outside of the vessel with a strong coil of cord to which is attached a roll of lead about nine inches long; every few minutes he throws the lead in the water. The cord which holds the lead is knotted by fathoms (which is six feet); when he finds out the depth—if it is two fathoms he sings out at the top of his voice, "By the mark twain"—that is to say the knot on the sounding-cord informs him that there is just two fathoms of water on the spot over which they are passing. On many of the sounding-leads a place is scooped out and the hollow is filled with tallow; this catches up the sand or mud, and with these two silent witnesses the skilful pilot can tell the position of his vessel in the darkest night. Mr. Clemens was a pilot on the Mississippi, and when looking for a nom-de-plume, after he abandoned piloting and took up journalism, he selected a name that reminded him of his former profession and the good old times before he became famous." "The description you gave of his life 30 or 40 years ago," said my friend, "is not like the Mark Twain of today, are you sure there are not two Mark Twains—the one of Nevada and another to whom England has been showing such exceptional honor?" I assured him they were the same man.

Mark Twain was received by one of the swell clubs of London as though he was a conqueror. When he entered in that spotless raiment which British and Yankee geniuses have exhausted themselves in describing, the house arose and gave cheer after cheer; several times the applause seemed to stop but started again. The president, in introducing the honored guest of the evening, pronounced a eulogy which would have been a prize package for the bravest hero or most eminent genius that was ever known. For a long time the press has sought to find out why Mark Twain adopted his white suit; the truth flashed across me as he rose to reply to the eulogy of the president. It made him the one conspicuous figure in that vast assemblage; there were Princes and Dukes, Earls and Lords, warriors of worldwide fame, but in all that august assemblage was only one Mark Twain and no other figure showed so plainly.

One remarkable feature of the evening was, when the original white-clothed guest had passed from sight he did not fade away and be forgotten; his image was impressed on the brain by some process (the working of which is yet a mystery and will become more vivid as the years roll by) and burned deep in the brain, it can never be blotted out till the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken. The rise to eminence of Mark Twain cannot be tried by ordinary standards—it is a revelation and stands without comparison; it is not a case of evolution, but, like re-incarnation, it is a mystery, the solution of which will never be written; it belongs to that class of Nature's secrets which Ralph Waldo Emerson described as not only unknown but unknowable.

In this city we have quite a number of Armenians. They are a close corporation; very clannish, eminently respectable and industrious; they have

cut no figure in our courts for, by general consent, they settle their troubles among themselves. It was a rude awakening then, when our people learned last week that the Russian Catholic priest was killed in his room. His body was cut up and packed into a couple of trunks; the assassins expected to ship the trunks off by express somewhere and never claim them. The assassins are well known and if caught will receive the full punishment due their horrid crime. We learn with considerable astonishment that these Armenians are quite as bad as the Sicilians and Italians; they seem to have adopted the same means as these murderous thugs have been practicing in extorting money from other respectable countrymen. Their demand is anywhere from five hundred to thousands of dollars, according to the fortune of the people they intend to rob; in every case they make the penalty death if the money is not paid and in proof that this was no empty threat, two assassinations occurred last week and three houses were severely damaged by bombs. Our police seem to be unable to cope with the situation, and people are asking how long these things will go unpunished.

As a relief from the bad news of the week it is a pleasure to know that the income of the United States is over two hundred millions of dollars more than it was last year; our crops have been abundant and all the old world is ready to take them and pay good solid cash. For this let Providence be thanked. Our political troubles also look better than they have for some time past. Our worthy Governor has earned a respite, and is off for several weeks' fishing. Luck go with him—he has his party well in hand now and we hope he will come back, like a giant refreshed.

Broadbrim.

Point

July 30.—The farmers throughout this community are putting away a good crop of wheat and rye in good condition, and quite a lot of good hay is being stored and lots of grass to cut yet. The oats crop is looking well and will soon be ready to cut and put away. The corn is generally good, nearly as far advanced as other years, although planted later. The buckwheat crop will be large if nothing happens to it as there was so much sown.

George Fisher, who has been railroading down in Schuylkill county, is at home helping his father get his harvest cut and put away.

Miss Dessie Blackburn paid a short visit to her sister in Hyndman last week.

Mrs. Hannah Moore, widow of Elisha Moore, died at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Grist on Sunday morning. She will be buried in the cemetery near Fishertown this morning. Mrs. Moore was in her 82nd year and was beloved by all who knew her.

M. C. King will hold a festival in his hall Saturday evening.

The Napier township schools will begin September 9.

Hooker.

New Enterprise

July 30.—Rev. Frank Brown and family, of Woodbury, spent Sunday with Elder D. T. Detwiler and wife.

Prof. H. D. Metzger and family, of Delfance, were here Sunday.

Mrs. Barbara Freet, son-in-law and daughters, visited at the home of Samuel Werning a few days ago.

A little son came to the home of Clarence Snyder recently.

Miss Orpha Werning has returned from a visit to Ohio relatives and friends.

Mrs. Barbara Rice last week moved to Roaring Spring, where she will reside with Mrs. Isaac Berkheimer, her daughter.

Elder and Mrs. D. A. Stayer, of Tatesville, were here Sunday.

Mrs. Hannah Koontz will go to Shellytown to care for her father, David S. Bechtel, who has lost his sight.

Samuel Brumbaugh was a recent guest of his father, D. S. Brumbaugh.

Rose.

New Buena Vista

July 29.—Farmers are busy putting hay and grain in their barns; crops are considered very good.

A number of our people are contemplating taking in Old Home Week in Bedford.

Miss Anna Mowry, who had been very sick, is well again.

Louisa Hillegass is on the sick list at present.

Mrs. Mary Whisker of Johnstown is visiting friends about here for a few weeks.

Miss Essie Kerr left on Saturday for a few weeks' visit to relatives at Imbertown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barkell, of Scottdale, are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kerr, of the Hotel Juniata.

Mrs. Lucy Hillegass of Green, Ia., is spending some time with former friends and relatives.

Saxton
July 31—W. D. Reed and wife, formerly of this place, now residing at Elmora, are here with relatives.

Tobias Steele and W. L. Giboney have gone to North Dakota to spend some time.

Walter Sullenberger of Altoona spent several days recently with relatives here.

The property of Isaac Meyers on Railroad avenue has been improved and remodeled.

Mrs. Mary White of Altoona is visiting Saxton friends.

Ed. Amos of Wilmerding is visiting his father, Daniel Amos.

James Weaver, Esq., of New York City is spending some time with home folks.

A. L. Little, Esq., of Bedford visited his father and sister over Sunday.

Miss Marguerite Elder of New Bloomfield is here for a few days.

John Zeth and T. C. Fulton and their good wives are taking in the Jamestown Exposition.

Harry Lewis, foreman of the H. & B. roundhouse, had his left foot badly injured by the brass bearing of a piston rod falling upon it. He was taken to his home at Huntingdon.

D. W. Amos and C. H. Jones have secured a patent on a flue and tube cutter, one of the most effective and time-saving of inventions. It is in use in our car shops. The machine is covered by U. S. and Canadian patents.

Two new 300-horse power boilers have been installed in the furnace here and a new hoisting engine has arrived.

The twentieth anniversary of the Reformed church was celebrated on Sunday. The services were well attended and proved of great interest.

Rev. F. W. McGuire will preach at Round Knob on August 3 at 7:45 p. m. and at Coaldale on August 4, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The picnic and woodsmen meeting held in Weaver's Grove last Saturday and Sunday was a decided success. Rev. McGuire was assisted by Rev. H. S. Hershey; Prof. Alloway of Youngstown, O., had charge of the music. All services were well attended. Miss Adda Workman of Coaldale read an essay, and several topics pertaining to Sunday school work were discussed.

Capt. I. K. Little and daughter, Miss Emma, and Wilson Weaver returned home last week from an extensive trip through the Holy Land.

Hyndman
July 31—Miss Nettie Sanners of Somerset is visiting friends here.

Frank Woy, who is employed at Meyersdale, spent Sunday with his mother.

Mrs. John Shaffer is at Hazen, Md., with her parents this week.

Mrs. Catherine McMullen is visiting relatives in Bedford. She will take in the Old Home Week celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonso Pyles, of Garrett, are here with relatives.

Walter Topper and wife are in Meyersdale for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bruner have returned from a visit to Mrs. Bruner's parents at Glen Campbell.

Newton Beal, a former teacher, now located in Iowa, is greeting friends here.

Mrs. Sarah Raub is in Cumberland and Frostburg this week.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Schilling, which died Sunday night, was buried on Tuesday.

Misses Hartauk have returned to their home in Flintstone, Md.

Miss Hulda Brant of Hazen, Md., is among relatives and friends here for a vacation.

Miss Pearl Kennell is entertaining Miss Lillian Bradley of Connellsburg.

B. & O. agent Charles Cessna of Smithfield spent Sunday at this place.

Miss Nellie Hensche has as her guest, Miss Florence Myers of Meyersdale.

Dr. and Mrs. B. V. Poole have returned from a two weeks' visit at Mt. Savage and Cumberland.

Miss Bessie Thomas entertained Miss Edith Roberts of Frostburg, Md., over Sunday.

Mrs. Annie Miller and two children, of Connellsburg, are visiting here.

W. F. Light of Meyersdale was greeting old friends on Sunday.

Harry Cook of Uniontown is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cook.

The remains of Sherwood Emerick, the boy who was accidentally killed by his father last week, were brought on a special train last Sunday and interred in the cemetery at this place.

Marriage Licenses

Edward J. Evans and Elsie May Miller, of Liberty.

Charley W. Evans of Piney Grove, Md., and Sophia C. Conrad of Inglesmith.

John W. Border and Viola E. Foor, of Hopewell.

Joseph Ligocz and Annie Golont, of Langdonale.

Oliver R. Smith of Johnstown and Maude Souser of New Paris.

Schellsburg
July 30—R. L. Williams spent Tuesday at Osterburg with his brother, C. B. Williams.

Miss Lou Shaffer of Frostburg is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Van Ormer.

L. D. Brown, who is employed at McKeepsport, is home for a short visit with his family.

Miss Kate Mullen of Mann's Choice and her nephew, Earl Mullen of Huntingdon were visiting Mrs. Lyle Egolf last week.

Mrs. Bender and son, of Johnstown, spent last Friday at the home of Jacob Manges.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Williams spent last Sunday in Bedford with A. B. Egolf and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Souser, of Napier, were the guests of M. M. Whetstone and wife Saturday evening. Mr. Souser attended the I. O. O. F. Lodge while here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Kinsey and son, of Ashtola, and Mrs. C. A. Boyd and sons, of Johnstown, are visiting at J. R. Kinsey's.

Albert Egolf of Cumberland and Mrs. A. T. Newman of Mann's Choice were calling on friends in town Monday evening.

Lost—between Schellsburg and Mann's Choice last week, a pair of gold nose-glasses. The finder will confer a great favor to the owner by leaving them at the post office here.

Mrs. Mary Whisker of Johnstown and Mrs. Jacob Mowry of New Buena Vista visited Mrs. C. L. Colvin on Sunday. Mrs. Whisker will remain here for some time.

Mrs. Laura Long and daughter Thelma are on the sick list.

Frank Johnson of Cumberland spent Sunday with friends here.

Joseph Ross of Philadelphia is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ross.

Rev. A. B. Van Ormer of Norwood will preach in the Lutheran church next Sabbath morning, August 4, at 10:30.

Miss Violet Smith and brother, of Osterburg, are visiting their friends, Miss Eliza Colvin and brothers.

Miss Lou Rock is spending a day or two at Madley this week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Williams and Mrs. Laura Long and family spent Sunday at Mrs. George W. Colvin's.

Rev. D. G. Hetrick of Clearview.

Rev. Houseman of Juniata preached to a large congregation in the Lutheran church last Sunday, both morning and evening. He was entertained at the home of Dr. W. W. Van Ormer.

Misses Lenora Kinton of Mann's Choice and Frances Black of Cumberland spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. R. L. Williams and Mrs. Lyle Egolf.

Quite a crowd of little folks and a few older ones were entertained at the home of J. H. Colvin Tuesday night, it being the birthday of their daughter Eliza. All report a merry time.

Carroll Griminger of Bedford is visiting Miss Savilla Clinton.

Mrs. S. B. Whetstone, having spent several weeks in Johnstown with her daughter, returned home on Sunday.

Mrs. A. B. Ross and daughter Gertrude returned home Saturday night, having spent some time with friends in Philadelphia.

Defiance

July 31—We regret the fact that it was necessary for Miss Goldie Snyder to make a second trip to Philadelphia in order to undergo an operation. Miss Snyder's many friends wish her well and hope she may return cured of her trouble.

The Junior League held a festival in Little's Grove today.

We are pleased to report that our friend, Harry Davis, who has had an attack of typhoid fever, is improved.

F. V. Aldstadt, our hustling merchant, wears a broad smile this week all on account of a 12-pound boy that came to his home last Sunday.

J. H. Little has put a galvanized iron roof on his

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

CONSTIPATION.

I can tell a person who is constipated on sight. Their complexion is pasty or yellow. Their eyes are dull, and they look and feel sleepy. Nowonder they do. The bowels are a sewer. They carry away the poisonous refuse. If they don't eat the poisonous matter is absorbed by the body, and headaches, dullness, bad complexion and eventually serious trouble result.

There is no better rule for good health than that the bowels should move every day at the same hour if possible. Regularity can be acquired by making a habit of this. Foolish people neglect this and when chronic constipation effects them they take pills every few days to force the bowels to perform their natural function. As years go on they require more and more pills. This should be stopped. Cooper's New Discovery will build up the stomach and cause the bowels to act naturally. While taking the medicine get the habit of regularity, then gradually stop taking the medicine.

Here is a sample of letters from those who have tried it:

"For sixteen years I have suffered from stomach and liver trouble, and chronic constipation. I had frequent headaches and always felt tired and worn out. I heard of Cooper's New Discovery and began its use. After I had finished one bottle I was wonderfully improved. Constipation gave way to a pleasing regularity of the bowels and I ate better, slept better and felt better than I had for months. It is the greatest medicine I have ever known." Samuel Booren, 1742 Munsey Ave., Scranton Pa.

Our customers who have used them say the Cooper medicines do the work. Write them.

Ed. D. Heckerman

Phoenix Park, Dublin.

Of all the pleasure grounds we saw abroad I liked Phoenix park in Dublin, the best, says a writer in the *Guildon*. It covers nearly 2,000 acres, and the seven mile drive around it is delightful.

Acres of it are let to citizens for pasture, and herds of fat kine lazily chewing under the trees or idly standing in a cool stream give a touch not found in any other resort.

On one plat when we were there a detail of his majesty's redcoats were practicing target shooting. Yonder came three dragoons back from a cross country run. The vice regal lodge, plain and white, looked, in spite of the vastness of the green grounds about it, hot and uninviting in the glare of the August sun.

In sight of the house, but a long way from it, is the spot where Cavendish and Burke were murdered some years ago. In vain do the gardeners try to keep grass above it. As fast as a bit grows it is taken up and carried off by relic hunters.

Scores of deer were roaming about, so tame that they frequently came close to our car. One big stretch of rolling land was crossed and recrossed with what looked in the distance like ditches. They are troughs, our driver told us, into which at morning and night water is pumped for the deer, which come there by the hundreds to drink.

The Calligraphy of the Dumases. Both the Dumases' hands are those of busy men, but the elder Dumas could go on forever. He never stopped to punctuate. One of his literary canons was that a clear style punctuates itself. There is a good deal in this. The son never missed a comma, semicolon, colon or full stop. He had not the father's facility, which resembled a tropical vegetation at the end of the rainy season.

The younger Dumas beat his brains terribly and forced them to bring forth plays, but his letters were *jeux d'esprit*. He ought to have been a preaching monk or an advocate. He liked to preach and point morals and to kick his fair penitents 'till they ran cause to cry. But he was not the brute he liked to pass for being. Nothing can be more refined than his handwriting. The original manuscripts of his plays are scarcely legible; the corrections and erasures are so numerous. But he did not let the copyist or, indeed, any stranger see them, but re-wrote and added pungent and pregnant sentences as he did so. The first thoughts of some authors are the best. They were the worst of Dumas' sins unless when he was answering a letter—answering mind. It was then a case of steel responding to flint. Sparks flew. If there was an explosive about, it went off.—London Truth

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them—Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains etc., are due to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Sold by all dealers.

John Riha, a prominent dealer of Vining, Ia., says: "I have been selling DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for about a year and they give better satisfaction than any pill I ever sold. There are dozen people here who have used them and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. I have used them myself with fine results." Sold by Ed. D. Heckerman.

Barnato Won the Bet. There is a legend of an amusing competition in connection with a discussion regarding the financial value of literary genius. Barnaby Barnato, who was a genius, but not literary, began to chaff some financial journalists. "You bloomin' fellers don't know nothin' about literature. I'll back myself to write a little piece against any of yer."

The challenge was laughingly accepted, and a referee appointed. The papers were thrown into a hat, and the referee, after analyzing them, said: "Gentlemen, I am bound to say that the palm must be awarded to Mr. Barnato. His piece is terse, faultless in form, irreproachable in matter. You yourselves shall judge." And he read out the following essay:

I promise to pay to Mr. X. the sum of \$100 for his kindness, in acting as referee in this interesting competition.

B. I. BARNATO.

The award was unanimously confirmed by the competitors, and the check was duly honored.—London Telegraph.

Delicately Put.

"A footman," said a banker, "called his master up by telephone and said:

"I regret to inform you, sir, that your house is on fire and fast burning down."

"Oh," cried the master, "what a terrible misfortune! But my wife—is she safe?"

"Quite safe, sir. She got out among the first."

"Are my daughters—are they all right?"

"All right, sir. They're with their mother."

"There was a pause. Then:

"And what about my mother-in-law, James?"

"That, sir," said the footman suavely, "was what I wished to speak to you about, sir particularly. Your mother-in-law is lyin' asleep in the third story back, and knowin' your regard for her comfort, sir, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."

Los Angeles Times.

Which Is Your Shortest Hour?

"What is your shortest hour in the day?" asked a business man of an acquaintance. "Don't say you have none. You have, although you may not know it. Everybody has. Of course,

reckoned by actual measurement, each hour is composed of sixty minutes, yet notwithstanding that chronological exactness the hours vary in length. My shortest hour is from 2 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I stood upon inquiry that this is the fleetest period for many people. In my case so swiftly do those sixty minutes hurry by that I try to crowd into them as many of the disagreeable, yet inevitable, things of life as I possibly can. If I have to interview a bore, I see him then; if I have to visit the dentist, I do it then. That hour is bound to slip away quickly, no matter what happens; therefore the agony of disagreeable scenes seems of shorter duration."

New York Sun.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nervous sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Given directly to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, bloatiness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"ALL DEALERS"

A SIMPLE CURE FOR PILES

Pile sufferers know that ointments and other local treatments sometimes relieve but never cure. They don't remove the cause.

There is a little tablet that is taken internally, removes the cause of Piles, and cures any case of any kind no matter how long standing.

A month's treatment costs \$1.00. Ask for Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid (a thousand dollar guarantee goes with every treatment).

Hem-Roid is the discovery of Dr. Leonhardt, of Lincoln, Neb., one of the most distinguished and successful physicians in the Western States.

F. W. Jordan, Bedford, Pa., or Dr. Leonhardt Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Successful Teachers

Read what The Gazette said last week about the State Normal at California, Pa.; its skilled teachers and fine equipment. Its six large buildings give ample space for effective school work and a charming home life. Its thoroughly organized training school of four hundred pupils is one of the leading factors that render its graduates successful teachers from the start. Send for catalog, addressing "Normal," California, Pa.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold at Irvine's Drug Store.

Where Two Paths Met.

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

In the birch blossom path I saw her first, and my mind was full of annoyance because my sister, who kept my house, should invite a girl to visit her and then insist that it was my duty to help entertain her. I would do nothing of the sort, I was thinking, when a turn in the white blossomed pathway brought her to my view.

She was slender and had a great mass of brownish yellow hair, pinned up with gold pins, one of which glowed sardonically at me with its topaz eye. While I was wondering why she didn't comb her hair smoothly she turned, and her eyes, of a wonderful vivid blue, seemed to look down into my very soul.

"Stand perfectly still, Mr. Angove, and shut your eyes. Is there anything so sweet in this wide world as a birch path in springtime? Don't open them, Mr. Angove. I want you to get the fragrance uninterrupted by any other sense."

"I should have stood there with my foolish eyes shut tight I don't know, but I did until she gave me permission to look at the white feather sprays and at her. Then quite sociably we strolled the rest of the way together. I began to feel interested in knowing what she would say when we came to the end of the path and she saw—

"Why, I don't know your name," I said abruptly.

"At first you are going to address me as Miss Britland," she replied promptly. "Afterward you will say Frances, and at the end you will call me Caprice."

"Why in the world should I call you Caprice?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Don't you ever say things just as if somebody inside of you were saying them with your own tongue?"

My reply to this amazing question was hindered by the ending of the birch bushes. We stood facing a little pagoda of white marble. I looked at the girl. Her hands were tensely clasped; her red lips were quivering.

"It's like walking down the pathway of love and suddenly coming to the very temple of love itself!" she exclaimed.

I frowned. Why should my sister prattle to strangers of our ancestors' conceptions? She seemed to divine my thoughts.

"Why do you look at me like that? What is it? What does it mean?"

I showed her the inscription on the worn threshold—"Temple of Love"—and with sudden swift grace she knelt above the lettering. Then she sprang up. "Come, Mr. Angove," she cried gayly; "I will run you a race!"

So back along the birch lined path we ran like two children, and only my sister's amused smile at the end of the race reminded me of my forgotten dignity. I spent the rest of the day among my books and alone.

Next morning Miss Britland and I selected a walk opposite the birch path. This was a straight path through an avenue of stately plumes. Yesterday the girl had been fanciful or merry; this day she was neither. She walked sedately by me, talking quite learnedly of the future of radium. I began to see why I might some time call her Captain.

"This is the path of the pines," I said when we had exhausted radium.

"We should have taken this one first,

for it leads straight and true as the compass needle to the temple, while the birch path meanders foolishly this way and that and makes one many unnecessary steps to reach the same place."

"One welcomes unnecessary steps when one walks with the spirit of the woods," she answered. "Anyway, you should not have told me that this path leads to the same place. It would have been nicer for me to discover it for myself."

"So it would," I answered humbly. "How shall I atone?"

"By telling me of yourself," she replied.

"There isn't much to tell," I said, feeling pleased at her interest. We sat in the pagoda, and for me at least it was the temple of love. Let he who will prate of long growing affection. To me love came as the sun rises suddenly over the mountain.

I told her of my life as a boy in college, as a man in the business world till this estate came to me, neglected and long uninhabited.

Another day I told her about the temple, how my ancestor had laid out these paths to typify his love for his fair young wife and her love for him—one path, quick and true as the compass needle, the other sweet in its shy deflections, but ending just as surely at the temple.

"What was the young wife's name?" she asked.

"I don't know. His diary is full of her beauty and sweetness and accomplishments, but it never mentions her name. He had his own names for her—Sunbeam, Starlight, Heartsease. Love like that should not die when the bodies of the lovers are dust."

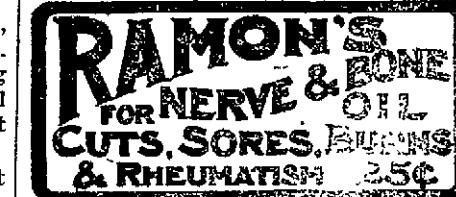
"How do you know that it does?" she demanded. "How do you know but their souls are living again and loving just the same?"

She had so many strange thoughts, this little Frances, and she had so many moods—gay, serious, learned, childlike. How I loved her! I could

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR BACKACHE

Weak Kidneys, Lamie Back, and Inflammation of the Bladder. A WEEKLY TREATMENT 25¢

For Sale by Ed. D. Heckerman, Bedford, Pa.



ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE

Estate of Peter A. Corley, late of Jimmata Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SAMUEL G. WALKER,
JOHN CORLEY,
FRANK CORLEY,
JOHN H. JORDAN, Administrators.
Attorney. July 12-6w.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Estate of James B. Butts, late of South Woodbury Township, Bedford County, Pa., Deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

MARY A. BUTTS,
JOHN H. JORDAN, Administrators.
Attorney. July 12-6w.

Men Past Sixty in Danger

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease.

Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for ten years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Naked Truth.

An encounter of wits once took place between the late Eugene Field and a New York woman. It was at dinner, and the woman was in evening dress, which was rather decollete. After a skirmish between the two relative to the respective merits of a well known author it would seem that Field came off second best.

"Oh, Mr. Field," exclaimed the woman exultantly, "you must admit that you are fairly beaten at your own game."

Field bowed politely and, with a smile, promptly rejoined, "At any rate, Miss Blank, I have one consolation you can't laugh at me in your sleeve."

"All yours, my queen," i whispered, "for I love you as he loves Caprice."

"Maybe I am his Caprice," she answered dreamily, "and maybe you are his."

"Tell me that you love me, dear," I pleaded.

She put her flower-like face to mine.

"My first thought of you and my last are the same, beloved," she answered.

"And the thought is this—that you have a heart for whose belated waking queens might keep vigil."

Legend of the Violet.

A Latin poem of the sixteenth century has a pretty legend of a violet that, in mythological days, was a maiden called Ianthis, one of Diana's nymphs. She attracted the attention of Apollo, whose admiration she did not return, and, flying from his pursuit, she implored Diana to destroy the beauty which occasioned her so much trouble. Diana granted her request and turned her face to a dull purple.

Consumption is less deadly than it used to be.
Certain relief and usually complete recovery
will result from the following treatment:
Hope, rest, fresh air, and—*Scott's
Emulsion.*

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



"The March of the Men of Harlech."

In military music the march occupies a prominent position and has been employed not only to stimulate courage, but also from about the middle of the seventeenth century to insure the orderly advance of troops. One of the earliest instances of rhythmical march is the Welsh war strain, "The March of the Men of Harlech," which is supposed to have originated during the siege of Harlech castle in 1468. In England the military march was of somewhat later development. Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music" tells us that its characteristic was dignity and gravity, in which respect it differed greatly from the French, which was brisk and alert, and apropos of this subject the same author quotes a witty reply of an Elizabethan soldier to the French Marshal Biron's remark that "the English march, being beaten by the drum, is slow, heavy and sluggish." "That may be true," he said, "but slow as it is it has traversed your master's country from the end to the other." — Chambers' Journal.

The Tragedies of Paris.

From 1,000 to 1,500 bodies are received in the morgue in Paris every year. These represent suicides and murders and not the deaths that occur in the ordinary course of events. And of these self-slaughter nearly half are drownings, which means that every day at least two persons jump into the Seine; two poor wretches who have failed to find life worth living. In the months of October and November suicides by drowning in Paris are double what they are the remainder of the year. The prospect of having to suffer the hardships of another winter, beggaring about in the cold and sleeping out in the snow, is too much for many a fate-cursed wanderer. An interesting fact revealed by the suicide statistics of Paris is that women show a decided dislike to drowning as a means of violent death. Four times as many men as women are fished out of the Seine. The records show that asphyxiation is the favorite way with the weaker sex for "shutting off this mortal coil" when it has ceased to be bearable.

Words and Deeds.

"There never was a time in my life, fellow citizens," exclaimed the candidate, "when I hadn't the courage to call a spade a spade!"

"Yes," spoke up an old farmer in the audience, "and there never was a time in your life when you had the courage to take one in your hand!" — Chicago Tribune.

Why He Changed Weapons.

"Here you is—in trouble ag'in," said the old colored deacon. "Didn't I tell yo' ter fight yo' way only wid de sword or de spear?"

"Yes, sub," replied the penitent, "but de razor come so handy!" — Atlanta Constitution.

Sizing Him Up.

"How much money really has he?" "I don't know. What is his attitude toward the law?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does he evade, defy or ignore it?" — Washington Herald.

Odd Punishment.

Bigamists in Hungary get odd punishment. The man silly enough to marry two wives is legally forced to live with both of them in the same house.

The Bat.

Nearly all bats have the faculty of hibernating. Their hibernation, however, is not perfect—that is to say, that when the warm days occur in the middle of winter they wake up, together with the insects which are their food. Still theirs is a true hibernation trance, differing from sleep, with very low rate of pulse, heart action and respiration. Probably they would endure immersion in water for an hour or two without drowning, as other hibernators have been found to do.

Just the Other Way.

"I am delighted," said the old friend who had called, "to find that you agree with your husband in everything, Mrs. Henpeck."

"Indeed!" answered that estimable lady. "If you will take the pains to investigate our domestic relations, sir, you will find that it is Mr. Henpeck who agrees with me in everything."

His Size.

"Sam, what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"To de Lawd's sake! I'm sho' I dunno wat I'd do if I had a million dollars, but I know wat I'd do if I had \$2. I've bin waitin' two yeahs ter git married!" — Judge.

Preference.

The Court—six years at hard labor. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man. Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it—er—by correspondence course? — Puck.

If you want quick results use The Gazette want ads.

Too High For the Barber.
"I heard something new in the barbershop business this morning," said the gray headed man. "I am occupying a room on the top floor of a sky-scraping apartment hotel. This morning I sent for a barber to come up and shave me. He came, but when he saw to what an altitude he had attained he looked uneasy.

"Would it inconvenience you to come down to the regular barber shop?" he asked.

"I answered that it would not particularly put me out, but that I would like to know the reason for his request.

"The fact is," he said, "I never like to shave anybody at this distance above the ground. No barber likes to. We seem to be particularly sensitive to height. It makes us nervous. Most barbers will not undertake a job above a certain number of feet in the air. Of course if you insist I will shave you here, but you would probably get a better shave ten floors below this one."

"Well, just out of natural cussedness I refused to humor the fellow's whim. As a consequence he nearly cut my throat. Whether he did it through nervousness or as he claimed, or pure cussedness of his own I don't know. Whatever it was, that is a peculiarity of barbers that I'd like to have explained." — New York Sun.

Disappointed.

An aged colored man who had business in the News office ambled into the editorial rooms—yes, ambled is the word. He sat for several moments gazing at the pneumatic tube stations set up like horns of an orchestra at the desks of the city and telegraph editors. There was a buzzing sound as a copy boy pulled a lever, and the old man smiled as if expecting something pleasant, then took on a look of disappointment. A few minutes later the boy sent another piece of copy whirling upstairs, and again the visitor's expression passed from anticipation to disappointment, then bewilderment. Finally he accosted the telegraph editor.

"Seuse me, suh, but mout I ax yo' what dem things is?"

Certainly he might and was enlightened.

"Well, I 'clab t' goodness!" he exclaimed. "I thought dey was some sort o' music box t' entertain yo' gemmens whilst yo' worked!" — Baltimore News.

A Plain Hit.

An elderly gentleman on his way to a quiet watering place in Scotland met in the railway carriage an old worthy who turned out to be a native of the place and, wishing to have a talk and at the same time learn something of the coast village, accosted him thus:

Elderly Gentleman—I suppose the air is very bracing where you live?

Village Worthy—"Graun' an' healthy, I should think sae."

E G.—Then it's considered one of the healthiest quarters around here?

V W.—I should think soe. There's no muckin' sickness there.

E G.—I should think not. "Have you never been sick?"

V W.—Never!

E G.—How do you account for that?

V W.—Weel, ye see, it's like this: The doctor's kept me a' my life, an' he jist lets me alone. — Illustrated Bits.

How He Got a Drink.

An Indiana travelling man told a story the other day of an incident on the road. He was in the smoking car of an express train reading his paper when a man rushed in from the car behind the smoker, evidently in great agitation and said: "Has anybody in this car any whisky? A woman in the car behind has fainted!" Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork and put the bottle to his lips. With a long, satisfied sigh, he handed the flask back and remarked, "That did me a lot of good, and I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint away!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Breathe Hyomei and Relief and Cure Will be Guaranteed.

If you have catarrh, with offensive breath, burning pains in the throat, difficulty in breathing, raising of mucous, discharge from the nose, tickling or dropping from the back of the throat, coughing spasms, etc., begin the use of Hy-o-mei at once.

Hy-o-mei is made from nature's soothing oils and balsams and contains the germ-killing properties of the pine woods. Its medication is taken in with the air you breathe, so that it reaches the most remote part of the respiratory organs, killing all catarrhal germs and soothing any irritation there may be in the mucous membrane.

The complete Hy-o-mei outfit costs but \$1.00; and F. W. Jordan gives his personal guarantee with each package that money will be refunded unless the treatment does all that is claimed for it. Aug. 2-2.

All the latest news—Gazette, printing of quality, give us a trial.

This is him." Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood, even in this great nation of ours.

The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company, acting as advance guard, knew that trouble was probably lying ahead. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.

"Sergeant O'Hare," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want—only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

Sergeant O'Hare's eyes searched the company,

"Sullivan!" he called. "McCarthy? O'Donnell? Moriarity? McGinnis?" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lanky Yankees, there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright eyed, pug nosed, red headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted up face. The sergeant's brow cleared.

"Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is him, sorr," he added, turning to the captain. —Outing.

The Remarkable Part.

One day some Americans on a visit to Wales expressed a wish to see a certain old and historic church. The incumbent was only too pleased to show them around, especially as he believed it would end in a donation being given to his parochial funds. He is as proud of the school as he is of the church and finished up by asking them in there also and inviting them to question the scholars.

One of the party accepted the invitation.

"Can you tell me, little boy," he said to one lad, "who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," said he; "he wass a 'Merrycan gen'r'l."

"Quite right," said the American. "And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, surr; he was remarkable 'cos 'e wass a 'Merrycan an' told the treuth."

The American didn't question further. —Cassell's Magazine.

The Tea Taster.

What are a tea taster's duties? He must distinguish the mixture of two blends; point out in each separate instance if the mixtures are of equal grades; he must know to a nicety the difference between a pure brand and an inferior one; he must know the taste of every individual sort of tea—not an easy thing, when it is remembered that brands of tea are many and the blends are constantly being re-blended. In ten years' time a tea taster cannot be deceived as to the history or nationality of any tea in the world.

He can prevent his firm from being deceived, for he has drunk tea with milk, cream, lemon, straight, served according to the peculiar wish of every nation. He is sent to China, Japan, Russia, India, to study the tea brew of each tea drinking nation. —Boston Herald.

Careful Boy.

Two American tourists on their way to Abbotsford were in doubt about the road to take and the time it would occupy to get there. Hailing a lad who happened to be passing, they put the necessary questions. The native replied by showing the route, but did not know how long it would take to get there.

The tourists resumed their journey, but had scarcely gone a hundred yards when a shout from the boy made them turn.

"It will take you an hour," called the boy at the pitch of his voice.

"Then why the deuce didn't you tell us that before?" returned one of the Americans.

"I couldna tell ye afore I knew hoo fast ye could walk." — Dundee Advertiser.

A Beautiful Bull.

The foreman of a grand jury in the west of Ireland had been presented for some public service with a gold watch, of which he was very proud, and as he displayed it at a dinner of the grand jury bets were made by members as to whose watch was most accurate. At last some one suggested that it was impossible to decide.

"Oh," said the foreman, "there's no difficulty about that! There's a sundial in the garden, and we'll take a lantern and decide the bets that way."

Diplomatic.

Stranger (watching a big row in a village inn to the landlord)—Well, they are all going for each other pretty freely except that big fellow. He lets every one hit him and does nothing.

Why is that? Landlord—Oh, he wants to be mayor this year, so he doesn't want to fall out with any one. — Fliegende Blatter.

Won't Always Work.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," he quoted.

"If you intend to act upon that theory throughout life," she returned, "let us hope that you never will have occasion to visit an insane asylum for any purpose."

TEN YEARS IN BED

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes A. R. Gray, J. P., of Oakville, Ind. "It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a Godsend to me." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Two on a Tour

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

The elevator of the Washington monument reached the ground after its solemnly slow descent of twenty minutes, and Rhoda Jamison, feeling somewhat overawed by the world as seen from the top of the monument, sat down on a bench near the elevator door. She needed few minutes to readjust her thoughts and to plan for the rest of the day.

Rhoda had saved every possible penny from her salary during the school term in order to take this Washington trip and had determined to crowd as much sightseeing into her ten days as any other Washington tourist had ever done.

She had spent hours with the visiting milliner in her town planning every detail of the time and had finally arrived in the city and taken cab directly to the quiet lodgings she had recommended. The milliner had, however, forgotten to take into consideration the fact that the girl had never been accustomed to a city and to city ways and had therefore failed to prepare her for the feeling of desolation and loneliness that grew more and more oppressive every minute.

The Congressional library had satisfied her love of elegance, the capitol and the White House had seemed like old friends from the pictures in the geography and history from which she had taught for months, but in her classes she had been the personality. Here she seemed to dwindle into nothingness, and the things that had been mere ideas and pictures towered over her oppressively, and she was overcome by her littleness and her loneliness and longed for some one to speak to her with a hint of friendly interest.

The big, broad shouldered man sitting on the other end of the bench she had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt so secure in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine more closely the inscriptions on the stones that could not be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

She remembered the package she had bought to send her pupils, so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would amuse them. The postal she liked best of all, a daintily colored view of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote, "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She leaned forward to flirt a bit of dust from the tip of her pen, and a whiff of air blew the postal from her lap and left it lying at the big man's feet.

He saw it there and, thinking he had dropped one of his own, stooped and picked it up, reading it leisurely.

"I feel so little and lonely," he read, and, surprised, turned to meet the flushed face of the girl.

"It's mine," she said, holding out her hand for it.

Her face paled slightly, and her eyes were large with a fear that he might in some way confess himself unworthy of the friendly confidence she had placed in him. The unconventionality of their acquaintance stood out in her mind, suddenly, as viewed from the world's standpoint.

"You haven't lied to me?" she asked faintly.

"Absolutely! No one ever told a bigger one," he laughed, looking at the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "but that just proves that I can hold more loneliness than you, for I am feeling lonely from the soles of my feet to the top of my new felt hat that I bought in Carson City to see the sights of Washington in."

"At least you are farther from home than I. I'm from South Carolina," she chattered, three days' abstinence from conversation having left her with a surplus on hand.

"I was just sending

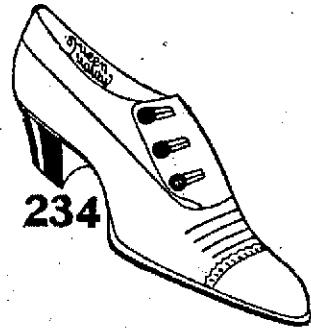
Crystal Springs Campmeeting
The twenty-second annual session of the Crystal Springs Campmeeting will be held on the grounds of the Association, commencing Friday, August 16, and closing Monday, August 26.

Dr. Jacobs of the M. E. church will conduct communion service on August 23; J. S. Souser of Everett M. E. church will preach Sunday morning, August 18; President Eveland will preach Sunday morning, August 25; Dr. Van Pelt will give a series of bible lectures. A large number of ministers have signified their intention of being present.

Deeds Recorded

David College to Lou Emma J. Hughes, tract in Broad Top; \$300.
Jacob Crawford to Simon E. Koontz, 130 acres in Monroe; \$650.
George M. Snyder to Nathan Morse, 78 acres in Monroe; \$1,250.
Etta Blankley to Marvin Pennell, 188 acres in Monroe; \$1,100.
Amer Kline to Rose Bertram, five lots in Snake Spring; \$350.

If you want quick results use The Gazette want ads.

**THE PROOF.**

A shoe should clasp the foot so gently that its wearer is unconscious of its presence. To be conscious of carrying a shoe about on your foot is to prove it—well, a failure. The new "Queen Quality" Custom Grade Oxfords possess this fit. Shod with the handsome model of Gun Metal shown above, you could walk miles without once being reminded of your feet. Price \$3.00.

GEO. T. JACOBS & BRO.
BEDFORD, PA.
BOTH PHONES

Prompt and Satisfactory
Mr. J. Roy Cessna,
Bedford, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I wish to extend my most sincere thanks to you, in behalf of the Great Eastern, for the prompt and very satisfactory settlement of claim on policy taken out with you while in Clearville, before leaving for college. And I highly recommend the company to anyone as a good protection I am,

Yours very truly
J. WESLEY WARD,
Baltimore, Md.

For Rent—Seven-room house in good location.

J. ROY CESSNA,
Real Estate and Insurance
Ridener Block, Bedford, Pa.

**SUMMER
GOODS**

Hammocks	75c to \$4.00
Screen Windows	20c to 75c
Screen Doors90c to \$1.50
Ice Cream Freezers	\$2.00 to \$8.50
Refrigerators	\$9.00 to \$30.00
Go-Carts	\$2.75 to \$15.00
Water Coolers	\$1.50 to \$3.00
Oil Stoves	\$1.50 to \$10.50
Lawn Mowers	\$3.00 to \$9.75
Garden Hose	10 to 15c
Screen Door Hinges	10c
Rose Bush Sprays	50c
Croquet Set90c to \$2.50
Carpet Sweepers	\$2.25 to \$3.50
Asbestos Sad Irons	\$1.50 per set
Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons90c per set

**Metzger Hardware and
House Furnishing Co.**
Bedford, Pa.

**Prepare For
Old Home Week**

You will want New Clothes—New Shoes, New Hats, New Shirts, New Ties—everything to brighten you up for the grand time. This Store—The Metropolitan Clothing and Shoe House of Bedford—with its Great Stock of Goods can supply your wants. The most important thing of all is the special low prices that now prevail in this store; your savings will be great if you come here to buy. Look where you like and then come to this store to buy. You will see at a glance the difference in price and the better quality of the goods.

Men's \$12 Suits, special price now	\$7.50
Men's \$15 Suits, special price now	\$9.50
Men's \$18 Suits, special price now	\$12.50
Men's \$20 and \$22.50 Suits, special price now	\$15.00
Youths' \$6.50 and \$8 Suits, special price now	\$4.25
Youths' \$10 and \$12 Suits, special price now	\$6.50
Boys' \$3 and \$4 Knee Pants Suits, special price now	\$1.90
Boys' \$5 and \$6 Suits, special price now	\$3.50
Men's \$3 and \$4 Dress Pants, special price now	\$2.00
Men's 75c and \$1 Dress Shirts, special price now50
Men's \$3 Dress Shoes, special price now	\$2.25
Women's \$3 Dress Shoes and Oxfords, special price now	\$2.25

Ladies' Skirts and Shirt Waists at half price now, and hundreds of Bargains that are not advertised are here for your inspection.

This is the Store for you.

A. HOFFMAN**Wanted, For Sale, Rent, Etc.****SUMMER
NECESSITIES****SCREEN DOORS**

Natural wood finish, substantially made, at right prices.

COAL OIL STOVES

The New Perfection Oil Stove leads the market. Be sure to call and see it work before buying.

GEM ICE CREAM FREEZERS

We have them in 4 qt., 6 qt., 8 qt. and 10 qt. They are the best that are made and can give a good price.

GARDEN TOOLS

We have them in all shapes, sizes and kinds at very low prices.

LAWN MOWERS

We have the best grade at very satisfactory prices. Be sure to get our price before you buy, as we can save you money.

**Blymyer Hard-
ware Co.**

BEDFORD — PA.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Lock Haven, Pa.

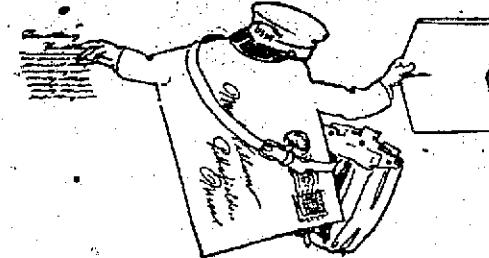
Fall term begins September 9th, 1907.

If you are interested in securing the best possible training for teaching or for business or desire to fit for college or are seeking an excellent course in Music, Elocution or Art, it would be to your advantage to patronize this reputable and thoroughly established institution. Its policy is to train not only the intellectual faculties but to develop character and to fit for life's duties. Address for illustrated catalog, Aug. 2-5. THE PRINCIPAL.

BARNETT'S STORE

OLD HOME WEEK--Only a few days and the greatest event in the history of Bedford County will be here. Are you ready? Is your home in perfect trim to receive your visitors? Your Carpets, Window Shades, Screen Doors and Windows, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Rugs, Floor Stains and Varnish. Does the spare bedroom need new wallpaper or new matting? We have all these furnishings in abundance and can serve you at moderate prices. You had better look over your Kitchen and Dining Room Supplies before the rush comes; it may be a new Kettle, Coffee Pot or Cake Pan, or your supply of Table Linen, Napkins, Cutlery or Queensware may need filling up. You will need an extra supply of Sheets, Pillows and Pillow Cases. Brush up the outside of your homes with a coat of B. P. S. Paint. Nothing gives a stranger a better impression of our people than a nice clean town. Don't forget that B. P. S. is the highest grade paint on the market and we are selling it, for the present, at \$1.50 a gallon.

We extend the courtesies of this store to all visitors---bring them in.

**A Letter Delivers
Two Messages**

One is contained in the written words; the other in the paper. One expresses the writer's thoughts; the other, the writer's taste. The message that

EATON'S BERKSHIRE LAID

carries is one of refinement. The next best thing to knowing what is correct in a writing paper is to know a dealer who knows. We know, and we have the papers in Eaton's line. Let us show them to you.



Berkshire Laid, 25 cents a box.

**Men's Summer Shirts
at 50c**

Madras Shirts, Percale Shirts; plain bosoms, pleated bosoms. All are up-to-date styles for summer and in more patterns than you could "shake a stick at"—in short, the best assortment of Shirts at 50c that we know of, and we make it our business to know. Not only good patterns and plenty of them, but the shirts are well made and fit well.

Summer Neckwear for men is in silks and washable goods. The showing here at 25c is unusually good and sure to please a discriminating taste.

Summer Night Shirts, low-cut surplice neck, at 50c. As good have sold at 75c.

Peri-Walla

This is the name of the finest tea ever sold in Bedford. It is put up in very handsome half pound boxes and is worth 25c. It makes the finest iced tea of any variety we have ever tried. Get a box the next time you are here and try it.

Barnett's Store**Muslin Underwear**

This week we got in over \$600 worth of fine Undergarments, with dainty trimmings in lace and embroidery. This is the handsomest Underwear we have ever shown. Corset Covers, Night Robes, Skirts and Drawers. Also Children's Underwear and White Dresses. Don't miss this opportunity to replenish your wardrobe while the stock is full and fresh.

Ladies' Furnishings

All the latest novelties in ladies' goods at prices that will please as well as the articles themselves. Parasols, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, and all that is desired by ladies of taste. There is nothing prettier than this stock of ours. Step in and see for yourself.

Before Starting

on your vacation step in, and examine our stock of Trunks, Valises, Suit Cases, etc. It is most varied, and comprises everything the heart of the traveler can desire.

If you get the right kind the baggage smasher can't ruin it. Trunks in all sizes, and at tempting prices, as well as the smaller articles of hand luggage.

We Will Sell You

a pocketbook so cheap that it will leave you plenty of money to put in it. If you want to see an artistic line of leather goods step in here, for our line comprises the latest ideas in wrist and traveling bags. Metal trimmings, silk or chamois lined. Prices on these from 25c to \$4.

Decoration Material

We have on hand 100 bolts of Cloth for decorating. Get your supplies early, you'll have enough of other things to attend to at the last minute. Price per yard 5 to 15c.

Hams---Sweet and Juicy

Few women like to stay in the kitchen all the time when there is something doing outside. Cold boiled ham is very toothsome, easily prepared and saves the cook a lot of work during this hot weather. Ask for Swift's Premium Hams—the finest cured.

Low Shoes

We have cut prices on all Oxfords—Men's, Women's and Children's. By buying now you will save 20 per cent. and have almost the whole summer before you. Come in.